

SPECIAL CANDIDATES' DAY ISSUE!

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



"O GOD, DO IT AGAIN!"

In Nottingham, England, is the Methodist Chapel where William Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army, was converted. A memorial tablet keeps fresh in recollection the fact that our glorified General here received his baptism of spiritual power.

Naturally, the chapel has become a shrine of pilgrimage for Salvationists from around the world. One day, an aged colored man, in the uniform of The Army, was found by the minister standing with uplifted eyes before the tablet.

"Can a man say his prayers here?" he asked.

"Of course," was the reply, "a man can say his prayers here."

And the old Army man went down on his knees, and lifting up his hands before the tablet, prayed, "O God, do it again! Do it again!"

There are young Salvationists the world over who think of the young man who, over eighty years ago, was standing out in the street, preaching to the eager crowds, little dreaming that he was laying the

foundations of a work which would result in tens of thousands turning to God.

And to-day young men and women the world over are praying the old colored man's prayer: "O God, do it again! Do it again!" and He is answering their cry—making them warriors in His Army: soul winners in His Kingdom.

What is the cry of your heart? What is the yearning of your soul? What is your plan for your life? Is it a mere idle purposelessness—nothing at all in sight? For the sake of the perishing souls around you, for the sake of the women and children—for the sake of the man—will you not think on these things? Not only know the Unseen as a Friend for your own heart, but as a Christ for all mankind, and, then filled with the passion of that knowledge, pray as the old man did—"O God, do it again!" And He Who made William Booth a soul-winner, will do the same for, and with you.

He Had a Way

He had a way;
This Christ of ours;
And when the day
Was through, and flowers
Asleep, He went to pray.

He had a way
Of sitting by the sea
To watch the play
Of waters on blue Galilee;
To watch and pray.

He had a way
Of slipping off by night
To rest and pray;
Returning when the light
Was heralding the day.

It was His way
To love the seas,
The rivers, mountains,
Flowers and blessed trees;
It was His way
To search the sky
By night, to know
The stars, the clouds on high.

He walked the sea
Of Galilee
One stormy night
With footsteps light.
He broke the bread
On that blest shore
And hungry men were fed.

Devotion to Duty

In a great battle a young lad lay wounded. When the ambulance workers came round, he begged them to let him stay where he was, and as his condition was serious, he was left to die where he lay.

A few hours later, when burying his body, they found the explanation for his strange request. Concealed under his body were the colors of his regiment.

It was clear that he was determined to die rather than let the colors fall into enemy hands.

True Soldiers of Jesus Christ should be willing to sacrifice anything for the benefit of the Kingdom of God.

Is God Calling?

Won the Day

There was a convulsion in the dark regions where Satan sits on his throne ordering his demons to do this or that.

"What about those people I sent you to? Are they praying?" "Yes, indeed they are, your Satanic Majesty." "Well, anything else?" "Yes, sir, they not only pray, but they believe." "Oh, oh, they believe, you say. Then in that case the game is up. I can do nothing if they believe as well as pray, for I have found that when man's faith links hands with God's faithfulness I am powerless. They pray, and they believe? Then they have won the day."



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Matthew 25: 1-13 — "Our lamps are gone out." — Just when they were most needed! Is not this the experience of the foolish ones whose religion is mere profession? When first they set out their light appears to burn as brightly as that of the wise. But religion without Christ is a lamp without oil, and in due time the mere professor's light will surely flicker out, leaving them in the night of sorrow or of death, in woeful darkness.

Monday, Matthew 25: 14-30 — "To every man according to his several ability." — What comfort is here for us. We need not feel disappointed because



From Postman to Preacher

By Adjutant J. Acton, of Winnipeg Citadel

"Yes, you're a big fool, Joe; clean crazy. Don't be such an idiot." Such was the forcible, not to say, too polite, language which was flung at me by a comrade postman, in the Winnipeg General Post-Office, where at the time I was employed.

THE candid friend was not alone in his denunciatory remarks, when it was noted abroad that Joe Acton was going to give up his employment as a messenger for the King, and become a full-time messenger for the King of Kings.

The people to whom I carried daily the news of joy and sorrow, questioned my wisdom; they even threw doubts on my sanity; they were loud in their expressions of pity. My father and my mother begged me to do nothing of a rash nature. My other relatives pleaded with me to stop and think awhile before I proceeded with what they honestly thought was such a disastrous step.

All this was a staggering blow to me. I did not expect such unanimous disapproval. What did it mean?

Had I not just arrived in this Land of Promise—this Canada? I was youthful and energetic; and I had hitherto had an all-consuming, even frenzied passion for money-making. I already had made several cash investments in prospective money-making concerns. My appetite had been whetted by some financial success, and I was keen to go further.

I Heard a Voice

But I had heard a Voice! Above all the din and clatter of opposition, above all the plans and schemes which I had designed for the amassing of wealth, this Call sounded, insistent and clear, and I resolutely followed the path which I knew God had marked out for me.

I must frankly confess that I often thought that those who doubted my sanity, might have had some ground for their reasoning. I began to think so when I found myself in Training down in Toronto.

SHERBROOKE ST.

Good Times with New Officers

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. The Meeting conducted by the Band on Saturday evening, was a time of much blessing to all. The cornet solo contributed by Band-Secretary Stairs was much enjoyed by all. As were the duet by Brothers Wakshidi and Stride, and the tritone solo by Bandman Facey. Bandman Taylor soloed, and Mrs. Captain Boyle gave us a message on "Songs and their Writers."

On Sunday God came very near to us, especially in the Holiness Meeting when Mr. Boyle spoke on "Sanctification." Many were convicted, and have since received the Blessing of a Clear Heart. Brother Facey was with us after five months' enforced absence through his illness. During the Meeting Mrs. Boyle soloed and a duet by Ensign Haynes and Captain Murdie was much appreciated. Captain Boyle spoke earnestly on "Soldiership," and many of the Meeting under deep conviction. We were glad to see Bandman May in this Meeting, although he is far from well. God was with us in the afternoon singing and we praise Him for the five souls which found liberty. One dear brother who has been struggling for weeks, surrendered his cigarettes.—R.M.R.

It was painfully evident to myself, and must have been clear to all, that I was outclassed so far as knowledge and ability were concerned. I compared myself with those who were in the Garrison with me; some of them had grown up in The Army. Their qualifications far surpassed my weak and trembling efforts.

The result of my first examinations, the isolation I had to endure—an isolation in which, perhaps, I need not so readily have thrust myself—all brought upon me an appalling density of doubt. But, praise His holy Name. I never once got away from the fact that I had heard a Voice.

Sixteen years have passed away. I am financially poorer, naturally, but nobody now doubts my sanity. I take a retrospect, and I review those years. Will you look with me, my comrade?

Countless Opportunities

Mine have been countless opportunities of assisting the poor, helping to heal maimed and broken derelicts, tending the sick, and comforting the sorrowing and bereaved. I have carried the news of God's Salvation to thousands, irrespective of class or creed—from the millionaire in his luxurious abode, to the toiler in his humble cottage.

My one-time friend, who suggested that I was a "fool" was a great Labour man in Winnipeg, and an important member of God and the Army have given me has permitted me to befriended many of his class. On one occasion, in a Western City, I had the privilege of feeding thousands of meals to hungry unfortunates of the toiling class.

No, I was not crazy. I have made up my mind about that. What do you think about it?

MAJOR HABKIRK AT FT. ROUGE

Tragic Event Causes Much Sympathy

It was a sad occasion which brought the Major into our midst last evening, and which, to have him, and to listen to his plain, straightforward talks, also to listen once more to Mrs. Habkirk's words of advice.

The morning Meeting was a good time and the usual good little crowd. At night, however, we were full to the doors, which is nothing unusual with us now.

The Major's leadership of the Memorial Service for our young friend, Bert Schlegel, was very sympathetic, and must have been a great blessing to many. Treasurer Hahn and Mrs. Moore spoke with great feeling and helpfulness. Mrs. Habkirk's little kindly found its way in the hearts of many of our young attendants.

The Prayer-Meeting was a time of much conviction, and we believe that soon we shall see a wonderful outflow of God's working amongst us. The sympathy of all of us, with our dear comrades, Brother and Sister Kaires, in their sudden and tragic loss, Bert Schlegel, will be moved amongst us. All the members of the family are very grateful for the comradely kindness which has been shown them during these trying days.—M.J.F.

The 23rd Psalm as Interpreted by a Native Indian

The Great Father above is a Shepherd. I am His, and with Him I want not. He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is love, and the grass draws me to where the grass is green, and the water not dangerous, and I eat and I lie down satisfied. Sometimes my heart is very weak, and I fall down, but he lifts it up again, and draws me into a good road. His name is Wonderful.

Sometimes, it may be very soon, it may be longer, it may be long time, He will draw me into a place between the mountains. It is dark there, but I will not draw back. I will be afraid not, for it is there, between these mountains, that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I will feel in my heart, though the people will be satisfied. Sometimes he makes the love rope into a whip, but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean upon.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts His hands upon my head, and the "tired" is gone. My cup He fills till it runs over.

What I tell you is true. I lie not. These roads that are away ahead will stay with me through this life, and afterwards I will sit with the "tired" in the Temple and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.—H.S.R.

If you wish to be a Smith—begin by blowing the fire

Most of the successful business men of the last century, and of this century, who are performing what are called "menial" duties. The ex-Mayor of our native city started life by sweeping out the office, and bag-marking. If you turn up your nose at fire-blowing you'll never put up the sign, "John Jones, Blacksmith."

Smaller service well done prepares the way for larger duties successfully performed. Samuel, busy in the Temple; Moses as a sheep-tender; Joseph as a prisoner; Daniel as a captive; Paul as a centurion, Luther as a singer—all by loving fidelity prepared themselves for the high and holy service to which the Lord of life and glory called them. Then away to the bellows-handling, and blow for all you're worth.

Obey Him Now

What you are is enough to torment any sinner through time and eternity, but what you have caused others to be will constitute the multitude of specters that will haunt the memory as long as memory lasts. That was the memory that tormented Dives in the flames of hell.

They would not listen, and so they both fell. The Lord, in His infinite wisdom, sought to prevent them from falling into sin. Let us ever heed His warning, so shall we be saved much sorrow.

Friday, Matthew 26: 31-36 — "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." While the disciples slept the Saviour was in prayer, and conscious of His whole enemy came to arrest Him. He was ready to meet them in the strength His Father had given Him. The Saviour can teach us each to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and to love and Madeline Guyon called the peace that lies in an accepted sacrifice.

Saturday, Matthew 26: 36-46 — "Then all the disciples forsook Him, and fled." — Thus, forsaken of all, the Saviour faced the commission of shame, and the seeming failure of His whole life's work. Someone has said, "The Jesus of a great courage has no failures. Jesus faced it calmly and in sublime confidence, not merely because He was divine, but because He was a man walking in the path of duty, and trusting everything to the Father."

we lack the talents and gifts of others. Peace of heart may be ours in remembering that God knows just what we can do, and will not expect from us the impossible.

"The wise and true
Crave not the lofty tasks, but turn the small."

To greatness by the great heart going out for God."

Tuesday, Matthew 25: 31-46 — "When saw we Thee . . . and did not minister unto Thee?" — Spiritual eyes would have seen Christ in each of His needy ones. Souls atone with Him would have rejoiced to serve Him in every poor, neglected life for whom no one else cared. But these people because they were blind and indifferent lost the priceless opportunity of ministering to the Lord Himself. Let us not miss our opportunities of

service for Christ through a similar failure to recognize them.

Wednesday, Matthew 26: 1-13 — "An alabaster box of very precious ointment." — And the perfume remains to this day! Never has a gift inspired so many others! As we read of Mary's offering, surely we too long to give some precious thing to the Saviour.

Thursday, Matthew 26: 14-16 — "The life's brightest hour
From Thine, or gathered gold
Or any power?

Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee.
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?"

Thursday, Matthew 26: 14-30 — "One of you shall betray Me." — The Saviour tried to prevent Judas from betraying Him, and Peter from denying Him, but

A WORD TO THE UNCONVERTED

You cannot repent too soon; you do not know how soon it may be too late

His Life for the Sheep

The following moving article by the late Commissioner Lawley appeared in the British "War Cry" many years ago; we have personal knowledge of at least one comrade who is to-day an Officer as a result of reading the same. We send it out again in the hope that some other young men or women may be moved to consecrate their lives to seeking those for whom Christ died.

NOT all the sheep are securely folded; not all of them are by the still waters; not all of them rest securely in the shade; not all of them follow the Shepherd or respond to His word and His will. Not always does the sun shine; not always are the nights warm and peaceful; not always does the Shepherd rest secure in the knowledge that all is well with those under His care.

The sky is black, the clouds hang low and cover the mountain tops. For hours the sun has hidden his face behind the storm, a pitiless wind howls up the ravine, snow is falling fast, deep drifts are covering everything.

Away upon the mountain pasture-land is an old man with his faithful watchdog. He has been braving the storm all day, and has spent every energy and every hour in going after his wandering flock.

Shades of night are gathering. There is no cessation in the storm. The northern winds bend the trees, the snowdrifts become deeper. The ravines and crevices and corners, where the poor afflicted sheep have found shelter, are fast filling with the drifting snow, and soon a rescue will be impossible. The day's toil has already told upon the shepherd's strength, and he is weary and should rest. His tired feet and exhausted frame are crying out, "Go home, seek some rest, have some sleep; you have already done as much, if not more, than can be expected of an old man like you. Go home!"

But selfish voices have no claim on him. He arouses himself, his shepherd-soul triumphs.

"I Am Going out Again"

Brave old man! Look! Yonder he is. He has just counted the sheep, and to his dismay he finds a number missing. For a moment he returns to his shepherd's hut. The winds howl on every side, and the terrible storm rages with increased fury. He lights his lantern, and prepares for a further search. Before leaving the hut he looks for a pencil, and in words worthy of being recorded in letters of gold, writes, "I am almost exhausted, but I am going out again after the sheep."—William Graham.

The message finished, the old man faces the blizzard once more. Alas! the winds, the snow, the cold, the storm, and the darkness are too much for him. His strength fails, his lantern dies out, the old shepherd sinks in the snow.

Those in the mountain huts near by, await the old man's return, but they watch in vain. A party is formed; they find him in the snow, with his faithful dog beside him. Did I say they found

the shepherd? That is a mistake—they found his crook and his lantern. The shepherd was gone, his spirit had fled. Does not this story remind you of another Shepherd of the sheep, and of another storm? Even as I write, my mind is full of that Shepherd, the sheep, and the storm.

Cannot you see Him as He leaves the shelter of the fold where those in safety lay, secure from the rising storm, all unconscious of the lowering darkness. Away, away He goes—by this road and that path and that winding way; over the hillside, along by the perilous steep. Darker and darker gets the night; fiercer and fiercer the storm; the rain is coming down in gusts. Where, oh, where is that one that is lost?

When Life is Worth While

"Until he find it." Away up the rocky steep, out now far out of shelter, and the wild gale is blasting all before it. No shelter, nothing but storm and tempest. But, hark, what is that? 'Tis a faint, so faint cry. Nothing more than a whimper. And then, stooping over the ghastly depths, he leans, and leans—until he finds it.

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall I turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside, Calling, Calling, Calling—

You have read of the faithful old shepherd who, forgetful of himself, went out into the darkness and climbed the cold, bleak mountain in search of his flock. You have read of the Good Shepherd, who, in the ninety-nine and scoured earth and Hell for the one that had gone astray. Now, let me ask you, What are you doing? What is it that fills your heart? The moments are flying; the hours are passing; the weeks are going; the months are dying; the years will soon have fled. What, Oh, what are you doing?

The sheep still wander, the lambs are still trampled by cruel wolves. Hundreds of thousands—mothers, fathers, boys, and girls—are the prey of the Tempter, and, unless you help them, are doomed by sin. The Good Shepherd is forming another search party, and He asks for volunteers who, with lantern and staff, will follow Him. Will you make one? If you will, "Give to Jesus glory!" And by and by, when the storm is passed and the clouds are lifted, you will be able to say before an assembled world, "Rejoice with Me, I have found My sheep which was lost."

Candidates are being enlisted to-day. Mind you send in your name!

"The Call of the Lost Ones"

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside Calling, Calling, Calling—?

WHY I WANT TO BE A SALVATION ARMY OFFICER

I AM in training for Officership to-day because I believe it to be the will of God concerning me. I have a burning desire to be a soul-winner, and I am sure that The Army is the best field of opportunity for one with such a desire; a field of possibilities not to be equaled elsewhere.

It was in October, 1926, during the Vancouver Congress Gatherings, conducted by Commissioner Mapp, that this passion was first planted within me—that I might be of greater service to God and humanity.

During the Holiness Meeting in the Pantages Theatre I went forward to the Altar for the Blessing of Sanctification. I rose from my knees to be a better soldier and a better handman.

The following Monday night, on my way home from the special Meeting, the call came to me for Officership. In spite of my sincere and pre-determined desire to serve God wholly, there was something within me which made me shrink from this further consecration.

My Utter Inability

What disturbed me was not the fact of becoming an Officer, but what I felt to be my utter inability for such a position; my extreme weakness and my inexperience. But so forcible was the call that when I arrived home I went to my room and prayed as I had never done before.

And it was just the same with me as it has been with hundreds of others:

"When I had ceased from my struggles with the name Jesus gave unto me."

I can never describe the joy that came into my soul when I settled the question, and when I promised God, that, come what might, I would follow Him.

The next day God came to me in a remarkable way, and God was nearer still. Then the vision came to me in full force, and I saw the needs of the people, and flashing across my mind came the words: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Since that consecration and that vision I have not been without temptation to retrace my steps, and go back on my vows, but in the thought of my suffering Redeemer I have found constant and abiding strength. Whenever I have turned my thoughts to the Cross, and what it all means to me and the dying world, there has been a fresh impetus within me to do His will.

"The best thing I know

In this world below,

Is doing the Will of God."

—Arthur K. Allan—Cadet.

There is no doubt that the only thing which makes life worth living is working daily for God and for others. This is not inconsistent with thoroughly enjoying all the minor joys of life—such as a good game of golf or tennis or pleasant companionship—but the only thing which gives solid satisfaction is feeling each day that something is accomplished, something done to make the world a better place. I pity the idle man far more than the overworked man. "Better wear out than rust out," as the old lady used to say, and we quite agree. It really is a variant of our Lord's saying, "He that loathes his life, shall save it."

AM I TO BE AN ARMY OFFICER?

"WHAT does it mean to be an Officer in the Salvation Army?" I seem to hear somebody ask. I am afraid I cannot answer that question properly, for, you see, I am not yet an Officer, but to my mind an Army Officer is one who has consecrated himself or herself to God and The Army in order that He may use them in the winning of souls to Himself. "Why do you think you should be one?" continues my questioner. There are many reasons, I would reply, but to me the most important one is, that I believe God has called me to such a service. True happiness lies in obedience to the will of God, and He has given me that desire to win souls for Him; to bring those who are astray nearer to Him. So, if I would be happy and conscious that I am doing God's will, I must be an Army Officer.

"How do you know that God has called you to this work? Might it not be imagination, because you have a natural sympathy with people in distress?" It was not because of a wonderful dream or some striking vision that I offered myself for this work. Something more definite than that came to me, and is with me today—a definite feeling within me that I must be used by God in His Kingdom, and because I had no peace in my soul until I made Him the offer of my life. Now I know that nothing can satisfy me in life but the work to which He has called me.

But Why The Army?

"But why The Army?" My questioner certainly is persistent. Because I believe that God is in and with The Army, and I love it for that reason alone. I know that God is in other places, and with other organizations, but He has shown me that I can do more personally in The Army than elsewhere. I think our organization is perfect; I feel that our method of reaching the crowds are the quickest; and I feel that our religion is a practical one, and that is what is most needed to-day. Great faith, coupled with hard work, and all have an opportunity of putting that into effect. It does not mean that one has to be especially energetic; fortunately for me; a university degree is not a necessity, only a conviction that God has called. It really amounts to this—an ordinary education, a desire to work for God, the knowledge that He has called me—and there you are.

And then the people need help. I believe that if a man or a woman is not saved, he or she will go to hell. Believing this, can I stay at home and take my ease? Do you believe it? Then why, in God's name, do you sit idly by, why do you not respond to the call? In any case, may God help me to fulfill the great purpose of my life. Emma Duxbury, Cadet.

Peace of Mind

We never get peace of mind when we give up peace of mind." Pieces of our mind are usually thrown off in a state of anger or excitement. At such times we say things that we are sorry for afterwards. We wish that we could recall the harsh and bitter words that were spoken. But they are gone forever. We know that they have made their impression and that a heart has been wounded. Peace of mind is the result of self-control.

I MUST OFFER MYSELF

REALIZING THE RESPONSIBILITY of the love of Christ, as shown by His dying for my sins,

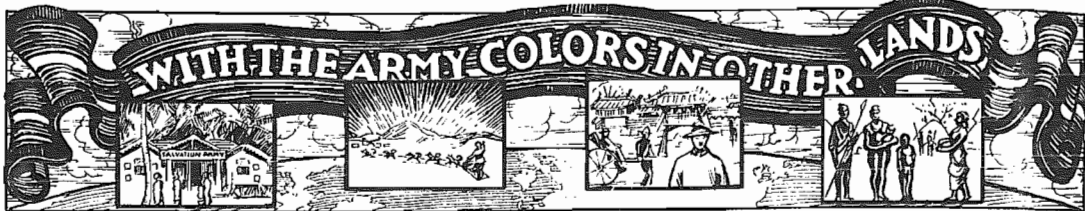
I AM CONVINCED that I must offer myself as a Candidate for Training for Officership in The Army.

Name.....

Address.....

Corps..... Date.....

Fill up and send this Form to the Divisional Commander (the local Corps Officer will give you his address), or direct to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.



Japan's Enthusiasm Our Comrades in Land of Rising Sun Show Energy and Enterprise — Candidates for Officership Result

A dispatch from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the Chief Secretary for Japan, tells of the Army's relief efforts, including much distribution to the poor, distributions to two thousand children on the canal barges, of midnight suppers to the homeless poor in Asakusa Park, of the bringing of happiness to the children of the Honjo slums, and of the good work of the Free Medical Dispensary.

In Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka and other large cities, as well as in a number of smaller towns, Lieut.-Commissioner Yamamuro, the Territorial Commander, with characteristic thoroughness, sees to it that as much as possible is done to help relieve distress and bring the joy of Salvation into the hearts and lives of the people.

It may be remembered that some time ago, The Army was requested by the Imperial Household Department to undertake one of the Free Dispensaries. This The Army did and it is satisfactory to state that the developed number of patients for 1926 numbered two thousand three hundred and fifty-one, which was increased to two thousand nine hundred and two in 1927.

Salvation Sunshine and Rain

It is not everywhere that the interest of an Open-Air Meeting can be maintained when the rain is pouring down. Evidently the rain does not deter our friends in Japan, who together with many comrades rallied up in the Hibuya Park arena and sat for two hours amid dismal weather conditions with their hearts glowing with the happiness of Salvation.

It is worthy of special mention we think, that our comrades fought the Prayer Meeting battle to a finish, and were able to laugh at the elements and win twenty-one souls for Christ while the rain poured down.

Following such a display of spirit, we are not surprised to learn that in the Kōmin Newspaper Hall the next day, it was scarcely possible to control the enthusiasm of the Soldiers who had been called together for a "Council of War."

In the gathering mentioned, remarkable conversions and experiences were related and unmistakable evidence of unity and desire and purpose were demonstrated. The Banzaïs for the General and The Army at the close of the Meeting were eloquent testimony of the loyalty and devotion of Officers and Soldiers alike.

The Penitent-Form scenes were wonderful, nearly a hundred comrades came forward seeking Holiness with their whole soul absorbed in the effort. Ten of the comrades present made application to become Candidates for Officership.

Out of Small Beginnings How a Scrap of Twisted Paper resulted in the Sending Out of "Twelve Apostles" from the Hills of Assam

THE announcement that twelve Candidates are coming right from the far away Lushai Hills of Assam to Calcutta to be trained for Officership, is a reminder of yet another romance of Salvationism and of the fact that it is out of "small beginnings" that God so often brings to pass the "great things," the end of which it is impossible to foresee.

The full story of how a young Assamese making a purchase in his native land of a small quantity of pepper or curry flavor, had his apparently trivial purchase pinched up by the squatty salesman and twisted in a little scrap of a page from a Salvation Army book, a fact, which resulted amongst other wonders in the conversion of many people in the country mentioned, will some day be told at length. The young man read the torn bit of paper. What he read was as the message of God to him. It was as a voice calling him to return and seek out again the humble salesman. Accordingly he set off, this time in prayer and faith, and found the humble vendor squatting as before in front of his humble wares as though he had been waiting for the purchaser to come again.

"Have you any more of this writing?" was the enquiry. "Yes," was the answer, and the heart of the young man was full of gladness which changed to joy when presently he found himself in possession of the rest of the book, a scrap of which had been to him as the oracle of God. In the spirit of the book he began to preach Jesus to his fellow-countrymen and win them for Christ.

There is much more to tell of how out of this small beginning the good work was started in Assam. It is a story to strengthen faith and cast a glow of glory upon the life laid down. That young man is now Ensign Kaulkhumu who leads on our comrades in Assam, and the "twelve apostles" who come forth from their fastnesses in the Lushai Hills down to Calcutta, come joyfully for they have heard the wonder story of how God spoke out His message to their Ensign Kaulkhumu through a tiny scrap of paper, just a torn leaf from the "Orders and Regulations for Soldiers of The Salvation Army" and on which was written words pregnant with the message of Christ, not only for the people of Assam, but for all the world.

Enduring Hardness in China Territorial Commander and Travelling Companions "Rough it" whilst on Tour, but see Many Soldiers and Recruits enrolled under The Army Flag

Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie who has recently returned from a seventeen days' journey tells of long and wearisome tramps in bitter weather through war-stricken areas.

Some two hundred and fifty miles were walked with the thermometer sometimes down to zero and amid many dangers and difficulties and in localities where The Army's aims are little understood. He, together with Ensign Sowton and Ensign Kuo, stuck to the road, keeping their spirits up whether cross-examined by strange military guards or searched for the possession of firearms.

In spite of the hardness and the obstacles in the way, Meetings were held and Soldiers and Recruits, the outcome of faithful toil and loyal-hearted devotion, were enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

Getting to the station, the Commissioner and his comrades found that in the night a big railway bridge had been blown up by the military and that no trains were available, so they had to turn back again. They attracted the people to the

hall where twelve men and eight ladies knelt at the Penitent-Form.

"There was nothing left for us to do but to take a forced march of thirty-five miles to Chengtingfu," says the Commissioner, "so, hiring a farm cart to carry the baggage, and dressing at 4 a.m., we set off soon afterwards. We had a pretty hard job getting out of the town as it was strongly and closely guarded. However, we managed to satisfy the officer of the guard and got out at about 6 a.m."

At 5 p.m. after journeying through interminable acres of ploughed land and trudging along rough cart tracks, Chengtingfu was reached in safety at five o'clock. Here again were more examinations and palavers. At length there was freedom to depart. There was very strict martial law prevailing in the city; the streets cleared of civilians by 7 p.m.

Despite the early hour of closing, before the curfew sounded, there had been an enrolment of Salvation Army Soldiers, and at last the Commissioner and his comrades were at liberty to refresh themselves with much needed food and rest.

Deaf, Blind and Dumb Swedish Salvationists do Splendid Work Among Afflicted People

The Army is fortunate in having Officers who possess the gifts requisite for the special service to which the State appoints. This is very noticeable in such branches of service as our work amongst those who cannot hear or speak or see.

It is many years since work of this character commenced in Sweden where Commissioner Mitchell, the Territorial Commander is very naturally concerned for the wellbeing of these silent friends and comrades, especially of those whose lives are shadowed by the loss of sight. Colonel Hammer, the Chief Secretary, in a touching, yet inspiring communication to hand, makes reference to the subject.

"The work of The Salvation Army in Sweden among the deaf, dumb and blind goes on steadily. Certainly it is not carried on with drums beating and trumpets sounding," says the Colonel, "but we believe that the Comrades in this branch of our work prepare many souls for Eternal Glory."

Some of these comrades have had fifteen days visiting on the Isle of Gland, in the middle of the Baltic Sea. They there visited the deaf, dumb and blind people in their homes, and conducted public meetings. Most of the visiting was done on foot.

A couple of deaf and dumb folk journeyed fifteen English miles to be present at the Meetings, in which they wept for joy, informing the Officers that many years have passed since they were privileged to have the Word of God conveyed to them in their own language.

"From this place our Comrades had to go to another many miles away to reach an old man's district. This man too was deaf and dumb and had for a long time longed to meet someone able to give him a message about God."

"One of the Officers writes the following about this occasion: 'The memory of the hours spent in our old friend's house will stay with us all our lives. God came so near to us, and the old man said to us afterwards that his soul had been thirsting and longing for this message from God. He will keep deep in his heart all the beautiful things he had received.'"

GLAD HE WENT TO PRISON

A prison story related by a prison gate Officer in the U.S.A. tells of the son of a well-to-do merchant who became a successful actor and a boxer. His choice of professions seems to have been his undoing, for one day he went quite wrong and the law caught him, and he is now serving his time in Charleston State Penitentiary. A remarkable thing about this young man today is that he says he is glad he ever came to prison, the reason being that in prison through The Salvation Army he has found Salvation.



Scenes from Old China—Left: A father and son come to The Army for help. Centre: A bowl of porridge and the blessing of Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie bring joy. Right: A wayside altar, wrecked by heavy gun bombardment, near which The Army now feeds thousands of starving people.

UNFORTUNATELY our Special Correspondent at the Front has not told us anything of the happenings of the Council Saturday, at Vancouver, but we can imagine that our virile and enthusiastic comrades of the Western slopes would not be behind their Prairie colleagues in anything which might be put on for that occasion.

An ordinary Saturday night in Vancouver is not anything in incident and colour; the bands on the streets, and the sidewalks thronged with their crowds of interested—and sometimes intrigued—listeners. It is a nervous scene to only an ordinary Salvationist, let alone the young people who were gathering from "the regions round about."

We are, however, indebted to our good friend, Lt.-Colonel Phillips, for a smart, concise, up-to-date account of the Sunday's Meetings. Such a concise account is it, that we wish we could have it circulated for the benefit of all those who have to tell and a place wherein to tell it.

Sunday morning opened with glorious spring-like weather, such as set a-tingling the blood of the assembling warriors, who were in from all the Vancouver Corps, and from Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Chilliwack. It was a goodly sight to behold those four hundred young people—and for the most part in Army uniform.

A Good Start

The opening song—"Who is on the Lord's side?" struck off by Brigadier Layman, was the key-note for the day, which was further emphasized when Mrs. Colonel Coombs led us in prayer. Then Lt.-Colonel Sims, with his usual versatility welcomed everybody—himself included, and so we came to the second song and the hearty welcome which Lt.-Colonel Dickerson received. Adjutant Greenway in a bright and breezy man-

The Young People of Vancouver Hear The Call

Colonel Miller conducts Y.P. Councils—Eighteen offer for Officership; 29 others surrender to the claims of God

ner, introduced the different units of the Delegations, which ceremony was brightened by some hearty singing, including an original Chilliwack chorus.

Heartily acclaimed

The Chief Secretary was heartily acclaimed when he rose to speak, and the clear lucid manner in which he dealt with his subject was a treat for all, and gave us a hint of the rich fare for the Day.

The greater part of the afternoon session was given to topical papers, which were of a very diversified character, but reflected the greatest credit on those who prepared and delivered them. Among those who helped us in this way were Y.P. Sgt.-Major Brown, of Grandview, our Banner Corps, who dealt with "The Benefits of the Company Meeting";

Corps-Cadet Hazel Milley, of Vancouver 1, spoke on "Why I am a Corps Cadet," and Adjutant Greenway gave us some good hints on "Scouts and Guards."

Major Oake, who was a very welcome guest, gave us a Bible reading, the theme of which was "Thankfulness"; it was both timely and instructive. We ought also to say that Mrs. Ensign Rea's Bible reading in the Morning Session was very thought provoking, and was listened to with close attention.

Eighteen offerings

Eighteen young lives made the great offering before we closed down this session; it was a thrilling few moments even for us old-stagers!

For the Night Session we had a full house, and in the spite of the fact that strict attention had been given to the



Winnipeg, March 23rd

The Chief Secretary is busy filling in the days at Vancouver in Special Meetings and important business; our special reporter tells of a fine week-end at Vancouver, and with our next ordinary issue we hope to say something about the Councils at Victoria—booked for next Sunday.

We are exceedingly sorry to hear of the great loss which Mrs. Brigadier Merritt has sustained in the sudden death of her brother—Mr. Andrews, of London, Ont., who met his death under tragic circumstances on Saturday last. Mrs. Merritt's many comrades and friends will pray for her in this sore trial.

We regret to say that Brigadier C. Allen is temporarily on the sick-list. On Monday last he had a nasty fall at the corner of Portage and Main, and damaged one of his ribs. He is bearing up with his usual good spirits.

Ensign and Mrs. Ede have suffered bereavement in the sudden passing of the Ensign's sister. The Ensign's friends will know that Mrs. Warring was zealous in good works at her little home town of Hanna, Alta. We sympathize with the Ensign, and all those who are afflicted by this event.

An interesting event is scheduled for April 12th at New Westminster, nothing less than the wedding of our good comrades Ensigns Dorin and Chalk; our best wishes for that date and ever after.

Another set of interesting appointments in the Gazette this week; my word, we do keep on the move. May the blessing of God attend our comrades in their new spheres.

Next week is our Easter Number Week, consequently we shall not be open for the ordinary Corps reports, but send

his strength at a great rate, and asks the Scribe to use the "Cry" to thank all his comrades for their prayerful remembrances during his recent trying sickness. (We are quite willing.

—Ed.) We were cheered too with the various talks of the evening—our Treasurer, Adjutant Acton, the Bandmas-

them along, and if they are interesting, and tell of souls won for God and the Kingdom, we'll find room for them in the following issue.

Mrs. Comdt. Muttart has been hot foot after some people who have been saying some unpleasant things about the Calgary Children's Home and little ones under her care, she has proved her point too, which some of us don't always do when we get "hot."

Our comradely sympathy is with and for Ensign and Mrs. Majury these days; Mrs. Majury is in hospital, and those most concerned are not altogether free from anxiety concerning her.

Staff-Captain Harry Dray has earned his discharge from Hospital, and Ensign Harrington continues working up for his. Nil desperandum.

We are a great Army family—our sympathies are with Captain Crogan, of Winnipeg Grace Hospital, who has been called home to Victoria owing to the illness and death of her father—our sainted comrade, Envoy Crogan. We pray for her and her dear ones.

Staff-Captain J. Merritt has moved all his bags and baggage to Calgary for a few weeks, in connection with the special campaign now being staged in that gallant city. In the meantime Mr. Merritt keeps the home fires burning at Edmonton.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable age and wonderful health?" asked a summer visitor of an aged farmer.

"Well," answered he, "I reckon I got a pretty good start on most folk by being born before germs was discovered, an' so I have had less to worry about!"

Most of the things folk worry about have no existence—except in their own imagination.

ter, and Band Secretary—and not the least by the snappy remarks of our weekend special—Brigadier B. Taylor. And now we start out on our 43rd year of music and victory.—J.R.W.

Bandman A. McIntosh, of Winnipeg Citadel, has just recently been the recipient of high commendation from the

advertised age-limit. Songs and prayers were splendid in choice, and tune, and expression.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson had the platform for a few minutes, and took for his special talk "Others"; we followed his remarks with great benefit to our souls, and feel sure that those who hear in mind his suggestive outline will be helped themselves, and so will others.

The Chief Secretary's final disquisition on his Day's topic found its climax in a wonderful word picture of the tragic scenes of Calvary; he was mightily sustained through these periods, and brought us to a keen sense of the importance of the last hour of this wonderful day. The twenty-nine who responded to the call were an evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit amongst us.

For the great Salvation Rally on the Monday night the Citadel was crowded; all the City Corps were represented, and some of our out-of-town visitors were still with us.

We were more than sorry not to have the pleasure of the company of Colonel Miller, but when we say that Lt.-Colonel Sims did duty in his place, one may be sure that he had a good and happy time. The genial T.Y.P.S. was not slow to say—that he has apparently been saying all across the prairies—the 1928 Councils surpass all previous years. (Then were they good indeed.—Ed.)

A Word of Appreciation

Words of thanks on these occasions are never out of place, indeed, comradely courtesy necessitates them. So we gladly say that no small part of the success and happiness of this event is to be attributed to the hard-working efforts of the Divisional Staff; we were glad also to have the company of our excellent friends and comrades Lt.-Colonel Goodwin, Major Jaynes, Staff-Captain Bourne, and oh, ever so many other dear ones.—Lt.-Col. Phillips.

Thrills at the Training Garrison

NOT for a very long time have we so thoroughly enjoyed a Programme Meeting, as we did that at the Garrison on Tuesday last. It was indeed a season of gracious and spiritual thrills.

Out of so much that was more than enjoyable—and in saying that we include every item—it is absolutely impossible to select more than two or three of the "thrills" for special mention. We limit ourselves accordingly.

Thrill No. 1 came when the Cadets were singing "The Wonderful Fountain"; the actual moments were when the quintette sang, so that the very gladness of it shone upon their faces:—

"For His grace and power are such, None can never lose too much."

Thrill No. 2 was during Ensign Petersen's splendid rendering of "Souls to Sell"; that spoke to us in every line, and our programme sheet is annotated—"Love is above all."

Thrill No. 3 was when Brigadier Carter was reading that magnificent Scripture love-song—"God so loved the world that He gave His only Son." An old-time song, hope, and old-told—but ever blessed by new.

Mr. Hope Ross was a real Army Chairman, and higher praise than that we cannot render, for we are not all heart and soul Army, especially at the Garrison? But, once more, everything was good—including the glass of water which one of the programmers so deservedly received.

Palissy the Huguenot, was in prison for his religion. Louis the King of France said, "I'm sorry you are here, but I cannot help you." Palissy drew himself up and said: "I'd rather be a prisoner in a cell than sit upon the throne of France, and say, 'I can't'."

officials of his Company (C.N.R.) consequent of the successful exhibition of an invention he has just completed. The contrivance in question will enable first aid workers to assist with comfort and ease injured folks from any height or depth in order to place them on the ambulance stretcher. It is probable that Bandsman's McIntosh's invention may soon be brought into use all over the C.N.R. System.

Central Holiness Meeting at Winnipeg

WITH no disrespect at all to those who have led our thoughts and devotions during previous weeks, we welcomed a change last Friday. The principal speakers for the evening were Mrs. Ensign Joyce of Norwood, and Captain Arthur Smith who has lately taken charge of Winnipeg VIII Corps.

The special subject of the night was to be "Aspects of Sanctification," one of those alluring title-pieces in which our D.C. delights. For about fifteen minutes Mrs. Ensign Joyce, with her straight truths on the "Internal Aspects" of the Holy Life, and then later on for a similar period, Captain Smith spoke definitely on some "External Aspects." We do not think there were many in the splendid audience who went away uncertain as to how to get them.

Once more, as has been the occasion on nearly every one of these Friday nights, we welcomed comrades at the Altar, and verily believe that their prayers were heard and answered.

We would like again to put on record the musical influences created by our songs and choruses; especially was this so when we were led in the singing of Brigadier Pennick's beautiful chorus:

"Beautiful pearl of Holiness,
Jewel of purity:
Laid from the ocean of Thy love,
This treasure freely give to me."

Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt led us in our Scripture reading, and Ensign Garnett officiated with "The Army Reading." Ensign Brighton also helped us greatly in the singing of "I know a Stream of mercy a-flowing." Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy also took part.

Come here next Friday night, if you get this invitation in time, we're having the Cadet—with us.

Winnipeg Citadel Band Annual

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton and Bandmaster Merritt. The Annual Band weekend was concluded on Tuesday night with a splendid Supper and Reunion programme. We had at least two hundred friends and supporters with us at the first event, and many more later in the evening.

It was good to have with us Bandsman Bill Somerville; he is getting up

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth
Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,

317-319 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Jor.

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General Order

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN, 1928

The annual work of Self-Denial was observed in Canada West Territory from May 5 to 11. After March 24 no demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self-Denial Fund) may take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed, without the consent of Territorial Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS—

Adjutant Eva Samson, from Grace Hospital, Edmonton, to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.
Captain Margaret Christie, from the Children's Home, Brandon, to the Industrial Home, Winnipeg.

Lieutenant Ernest Wright, from Red Deer to Medicine Hat.

Lieutenant Clifford Fowler from Medicine Hat to Red Deer.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner

In the Grip of Jesus

A WOMAN that the religious people of that day, as pictured by the artist, were impossible—possessed by seven devils, so they said, an utter incarnation of evil, concerning whom the least religious gathered his skirts about him and passed on, afraid to be contaminated by her nearness; pretty once, but tarnished now, a degraded thing, being long only to the dark underworld of life—is gripped by Jesus. He holds her soul a willing captive, and never lets her go. No teacher in the world has ever called a woman like Mary Magdalene except Jesus, but He called her and she came.

Here, on the other hand, is Nicodemus, wealthy, respectable, a trained Pharisee, a man of great weight in the councils of the godly, he too is gripped by Jesus, speaks to Him with utmost reverence, "I know that Thou art a teacher sent from God." Here is a Roman officer, a centurion, a man in authority who has servants under him to carry out his orders, and he prefaces his message to Jesus with the words, "Sir, I am unworthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; just say the word and my servant will be healed."

Here is Matthew, the publican. Probably he had a queer past; a Jew had sunk pretty low if he couldn't make a living except by buying a job from Rome and then making it up, and more, by extorting money from his own countrymen. Rightly or wrongly, one's mental picture of Matthew is of a crusty old money-grabber, rather cynical, covering his inward contempt for himself by an assumed contempt for the world and everyone in it. Will he leave his money-bags and step out into a life of adventure and daring? Jesus said unto him, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed Him. The grip of Jesus on the soul of man!

Even at the last a thief on the cross next His own, a felon of the worst kind, salutes Jesus as a King, "Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And the best of all this is—that what was once true of Jesus can be true again, My friend, will you not let Him grip you?

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)



Received by Japan's Crown Prince—Gracious Interview—From Palace to Workhouse—The same Saviour

Monday, October 18th, 1926.—Tokio. Reflections in the night on yesterday (Sunday) cheering. God was here.

At 8.40, with Cunningham and Bernard, to Akasaka Palace—a very beautiful and richly-appointed affair, white and blue marble predominating in the building. A palatial place, but Eastern in its general effect, with many Western comforts and fittings. The gardens exquisite—rising sides of a small valley with running water in the lower distance. Came to see the Crown Prince, who is Acting-Empress during the Emperor's illness.

Had a little talk with the Secretary; and then a member of the House of Peers, who was for some time the Japanese Ambassador in London and whom I met there, came to call on me. I went into the Reception Room alone.

His Imperial Highness shook hands warmly. Spoke at once of my visit and of our interview in London. (Then Bernard came in and was presented; and then Cunningham also.) The Prince referred to his brother's call at International Headquarters and his satisfaction with what he saw of Army work in London. A fine old Admiral translated, and I think did well. Altogether a gracious and I hope useful interview.

I asked permission to inquire after the Crown Prince, and this evidently pleased the Prince. His Imperial Highness is frail-looking and delicate, but with a pleasant voice and expression. He was nervous. I felt, as I have often felt in interviews with prominent people, that he was near to us, and that a sense of common humanity overcame for the moment the stiffness of an official occasion.

From this interview, in surroundings of luxury and splendour, direct to a great Workhouse; 2,200 inmates, chiefly old people. A sad sight, and yet comforting to think of those poor creatures being thus cared for.

Spoke to a couple of hundred of them gathered together, and then had some private words with Viscount Shibuya, Patron of the Institution, about his own soul. He thanked me with evident feeling.

Said that ten or eleven years ago he had carefully considered whether he should become a Christian, and decided to hold on to his own faith—but he prayed daily to God and sought His will. All very simple, and I am sure, sincere. He seemed deeply moved at my interest in him. At parting, he promised that he would pray for me, and I that I would pray for him, and we prayed together.

Hotel again about 12 o'clock, passing through miles of Eastern streets literally packed with traffic—people, oxen, hand-carts, and goods making an amazing scene of life and energy.

London mail and cables. Gave some thought to my Officers' Meetings. Bernard to a Young People's Demonstration.

Later in the day, the Minister of the Imperial Household sent a letter, by special messenger, enclosing yen three thousand from his Imperial Majesty for the work of The Salvation Army.

I understand that gifts of this kind are always made in the name of the Imperial Household. Yamamuro says that the fact that this gift is direct from the Emperor and Empress is very significant, and indeed is unique. I placed it to the Hospital Fund.

We have a splendid press today. Literally pages of report and descriptive—much of it very religious.

At 7 o'clock, Soldiers and ex-Soldiers. About a thousand present, three-fourths men. A fine sight. God helped me to talk straight truth, and again we had a wonderful Penitent Form. The Officers worked well indeed, *delightfully*. Here, seven thousand miles from London, the same spirit, the same zeal, the same Saviour!

Sad tonight about coal dispute in the Old Country. Bad for us! *Bad for the men!*

Thursday, 21st.—Tokio. First thing this morning to world business and London mail. Cables. Several interviews: Mrs. (Brigadier) Pugmire; Mrs. (Brigadier) Sashida, who speaks very beautifully of God's dealings with her following her husband's death in the earthquake; Mrs. Yamamuro, who pleased

me; and Major Annie Smyth, whose special work is to get money for our operations. The last named comes from New Zealand, where I met her last.

Saturday, 23rd.—11 o'clock on hand. To work by 8.30. At 9.30, conference with Cunningham, Yamamuro, Bernard, and Dr. Aatayana, our new lawyer, on Religious Bill. Not altogether satisfactory, but the Doctor thinks he can obtain assurances from the Government in the House which will go far to prevent mischief. *I am not sure!*

At 1 o'clock by rail to Sendai. A dreadful carriage—no wheels and more wheels! Did very little *en route*. During the afternoon spoke to groups at five stations. I suppose each such effort adds to the general total of sin. The people most warm, and in three of these instances the Mayor and other officials came to greet us. All very wonderful.

Arrived Sendai about 7 p.m. His Excellency Mr. Mantei Uyeda Governor of the Miyagi Prefecture, and the Mayor's representative (his Worship) is ill to receive me. Walked through a lane of lights, and amid great shouting and songs, to a platform specially erected for the occasion. About six thousand people in all—a Helsingfors Reception on a smaller scale. The enthusiasm very marked, spoke mostly of the friendship of God. *How these crowds cheer!*

To a Japanese hotel, very comfortable. The people extremely warm. The enthusiasm manifest tonight really phenomenal—a symptom of the appreciation in which The Army is held. These people are thought of as a great many of those who live in Europe, and who are well, they are not heathen; but even if they were, it would be still more remarkable that they should feel towards us as they so evidently do.

Monday, 25th.—Yesterday, at Sendai. Three Meetings. Soldiers in the morning, a large proportion of women under thirty years of age. Women present, about one-third of total. Without exception, all converts to Jesus Christ from anti-Christian religions. There was a delightful storm.

Afternoon, some thirty leading men, including the Governor, University head, city authorities, and representatives of some of the Missions, received me. Then to a Japanese Theatre, seating eighteen hundred people—but without seats as we understand them. Fully two thousand present, and many left outside. A useful time. I spoke well, the wife of a missionary did not seem very happy. The newspapers interviewed me immediately afterwards—very like pressmen elsewhere! But they are more disposed to take what I say about religion.

Another crowd at night. Bernard and I spoke well, the wife of a Divisional Officer gave a few words of testimony, and I followed. We had a hundred penitents, three-fifths of them men. Some really broken hearts. Eddie says that normally the Japanese have little or no deep sense of sin, but when convicted of sin they utter a sweeping sweep them away. Certainly I saw weep, and also at Tokio, many evidences of great distress amounting to agony in not a few instances.

(To be continued)

Important Announcements

Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp

WINNIPEG CITADEL Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m.
(International Musical Festival)

Lt-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

GARRISON AUDITORIUM Sun., Apr. 1, 10.15, 2.15 & 6.15
(Young People's Council Sessions)

WINNIPEG CITADEL Monday, April 2, 8 p.m.
(Scout and Guard Demonstration)

ZION CHURCH Good Friday, April 6, 11, 3, & 7.30
(“Echoes from Calvary”)

SAINT JAMES Easter Sunday, April 8
(Corps' 16th Anniversary Celebrations)

Also with Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp as above

The Field Secretary at St. James

The interest of Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, in the young people was evidenced on Sunday afternoon last when he visited the St. James Corps for the purpose of conducting the enrolment of a splendid group of thirty-two Junior Soldiers, most of whom were the outcome of the recent Young People's Crusade. The Brigadier, accompanied by Ensign Ede, the Corps Officer, and given a warm welcome by the young people after which the enrolment, a simple but impressive ceremony, took place. Each Junior Soldier was presented with a Pledge Card and given a personal word of advice by the Brigadier, following which he congratulated J.P.S. M. Harris upon the excellent condition of the Junior Corps.

In the night Salvation Meeting the Ensign dedicated to God the infant daughter of Bro. and Sister Harris. The band, under Captain Watt, rendered one of The Army's latest selections, "Mother's Prayers," with soul-moving effect, and Adjutant Putt gave the address. A helpful feature of the Meeting was the number of stirring testimonies given by comrades old and new.

MRS. COMMR. RICH FULFILLS INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

FOLLOWING on the triumphant inclusion in Calgary in connection with the Young People's Councils, Mrs. Rich fulfilled a set of interesting local engagements, thus filling up the days between the earlier week-end and the Sunday (March 18th) which she and the Commissioner spent with the comrades of the Citadel Corps.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Rich and a happy crowd of our sister friends, with a small sprinkling of juveniles in the Citadel, Adjutant C. Knott also was present. We gathered that a very happy and profitable time was spent.

On the Wednesday evening the soldiery and friends at Citadel II were the favored ones. Captain Tobin and Lt. Donnelly made energetic announcements which resulted in a full hall. The testimonies of week-end blessings were many and glad, and this all tended to make a good Meeting. One seeker came forward. Nine splendid young people were enrolled as Sunday Soldiers.

Thursday evening was spent at Citadel III, to the great delight of Captain Watt and Lt. Lapp. Here again was a full hall, sharp-shooting of testimonies, and two seekers.

We feel confident that these wayside gatherings will be appreciated by our good and faithful comrades, as were also the words of Scripture comfort which were read and spoken by Mrs. Rich at the funeral of dear Mother Shaw, a fine old warrior of the Citadel Corps, who was laid to rest on the Friday afternoon.



L.T. COMMISSIONER MAXWELL has completed a fine series of Corps and Council Campaigns in the Maritime Provinces. The Eastern "War Cry" gives a racy account of the Meetings held at St. John and other points in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Latest news is to the effect that the tour resulted in 97 seekers, and 12 new candidates for Officership.

On a recent Sunday morning The Army Citadel at Halifax was completely destroyed by fire, but fortunately the Corps Officer was able to secure another hall for the day's Meetings. Already a scheme is on foot to remedy this loss.

Ensign and Mrs. F. Bowers, last stationed at London, II are now on their way to England, having volunteered for special work in the Gold Coast Colony, West Africa.

At Perth, Ont., the Home League proceedings were gloriously interrupted by the entry of a man, who had driven over twenty miles into town, in order that he might be shown the way of Salvation. Right willingly did the Leaguers get to work.

Three great Good Friday events are announced for the Toronto Corps—the Annual Rally and Parade to the Massey Hall in the morning, and Devotional and Singing in Meetings in the Hygieia Hall at night.

A Saint in Sickness

Colonel John Roberts who, while he is still very ill, has been known to be in a tremendously precarious state of health which was his short time ago, has been greatly blessed of God while lying in his sick-chamber. Commenting recently upon a letter received from a friend, he said: "No one can imagine how the Lord is meeting my every need. I keep my eyes closed most of the time so as to hear His voice and speak to Him. He is talking to me all the time. I have never enjoyed myself all my life like I have done since I have been in this room."

We seldom meet with joy and delight by appointment, but unexpectedly they smile on us their sudden welcome round some odd corner of life.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

Unexpected but Enjoyable Sunday at Calgary

THE Commissioner's Sunday with the Soldiery and Friends of Calgary Citadel was not intended to be a follow-up of the victorious day which he and Mrs. Rich had spent with the Young People a week before; rather, we imagine, was it in the nature of a benedictory start-off to the Campaign now proceeding in the City. In any case, although arranged at short notice, it was a real Day of Salvation.

The audience which gathered for the Holiness Meeting in the morning was splendid numerically, and eagerly anticipatory in spirit. The Commissioner's timely reminder of the everlasting, ever-renewing blessings of God came with invigorating force, as did his injunction to keep clear of obstruction the connection between the platform and the congregation—the Bush and the Seeker. There were a number of comrades who yielded themselves to the influences of the Spirit, and came forward.

Commissioned Y.P. Locals

The Commissioner greatly cheered the comrades of the Young People's Corps by his attendance on Sunday afternoon; he managed to squeeze in a Commissioning of Y.P. Locals; a Charge to those comrades; and a visit to the over-flowing Primary Companies, before going upstairs to the Main Hall, where he was just in time, so he tells us, to listen to a splendid rendering of "The Soul's Awakening" by the Band.

He concluded his afternoon duties by giving a stirring address to the large congregation who had waited for him, but who had filled in their hour of waiting very happily and profitably in listening to the fine programme put on by the Band.

The crowd for the Night Meeting was so large that the ordinary seating accommodation was not nearly sufficient, and chairs and seats from all other departments had to be requisitioned. Staff-Captain Merritt's lieutenantcy was splendid in this gathering, as in the other events of the day, and led up well to the Commissioner's own share in the battle for souls. Adjutant and Mrs. Junker were also seen in their co-operating efforts.

Several Decisions

The crowded Citadel certainly drew upon the Commissioner's fighting qualities, and gave him an opportunity for using those Salvation tactics in which he is such an adept, and which he uses so well to the Glory of God, and the salvation of the sinner. Our correspondent is not exact in the number who were at the Mercy-Seat, but we hear that eight or more decided to follow the Commissioner's advice and the leading of the Holy Spirit.

A hearty and full day was completed by our Leader meeting the Corps Officers of the City, and securing from them their hearty co-operation in the special campaign to which we alluded earlier.

Mrs. Rich was with the Commissioner in all these engagements, happily ready for any service, whether praying, speaking or fishing. Her afternoon was spent with the Home comrades at Grace Hospital, where a number of the young lives there under our care decided to go a step further and put themselves into the care of the loving Heavenly Father.

An unexpected day, but a day of rich comradeship cheer and blessing, to say nothing of Salvation impetus.

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER
W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, GENERAL
CHAS. T. RICH, LT.-COMMISSIONER
TERRITORIAL COMMANDER



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"SALVATION"
TELEPHONE 87 256
317-19 CARLTON STREET
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE
TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

My Dear Comrade:

March 22nd, 1928

WANTED—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

This is an appeal to the young men and women of Canada West, whether in The Army or otherwise—to all who have heard the Call of God. I make no pretence about it; I put forth my appeal boldly—as boldly as it is possible for me to do. And it is that you should heed that Call.

There is a Divine Hand which is unrolling the curtain from before the world's miseries—its sins and sorrows; before you is depicted the terrible havoc which sin is making.

There is a Divine Voice which is repeating loudly the cry of anguish arising from those scenes of havoc and wrong-doing; it is the same Voice which repeats His former cry: "The harvest is great—the laborers are few."

There is a Path stretching out before you; a road which leads down to those same fields and wastes of sin; it is not an easy way—it is a blood-stained road; but it calls you; it says, "This is the way."

All this is nothing new to you. You have seen it—you have heard it—for months and years. You have shrunk to it, you have response with you to know you should make. Will you not now yield? Shall it be any longer said of you that you "dwell at ease in Zion?"

In the Name of the Lord who has saved and forgiven you; in the Name of Him Who will fit you for His service; in the Name of Him Who died for the lost; yes, in the very name of the dying themselves, I call you—God calls you. Is it nothing at all to you?

Yours affectionately,

Chas. T. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

Our Leader's

Busy Days at the Coast

The Commissioner has just returned from a rush visit to Vancouver, where he has been enabled to transact some business of importance, not without future help and blessing for our Institutions in that city—particularly Grace Hospital.

His engagements included a meeting with the Medical Staff of the Hospital—a splendidly representative body of men who are devoting themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the Hospital. The Fathers of the City Council also granted the Commissioner an interview, which is likely to be fraught with good cheer for the work now proceeding so finely at the same Institution.

Both Lt.-Colonel Payne and Major Jaynes were with the Territorial Commander in these engagements, and are exceedingly hopeful about the work accomplished by these interviews.

Vancouver Annual Band Re-Union The Commissioner Presides

THE Annual Band and Songster Supper and Re-Union, which was held on the 15th inst., rendered all the more delightful because of the unexpected presence with us of Commissioner Rich, who has been in the City on some special business. Brigadier Layman right willingly withdrew from the presidency of the gathering as soon as he knew the Territorial Commander could come along.

Following a splendid repast, provided by the Sisters of the Corps, a thoroughly enjoyable programme, arranged by Bandmaster Mills and the Band Locals, was "put on." Naturally our Chairman contributed to the pleasures of the evening, and put us all in a good humor.

Colonel Miller and Major Oake from Winnipeg were welcome guests, as were also Bandmaster Atkinson, of Seattle, Bandmaster S. Collier, of Mt. Pleasant, and Bandmaster Hornbuckle and Band Secretary Slade of Victoria. We were also very pleased to have with us Lt.-Colonel Payne, and to hear her words of thanks and commendation. Other veterans added to our sense of "Get-together-ness."

Out of so much that was good in the programme it is difficult to select any particular item, suffice it to say that everybody contributed to our pleasure; not the least, being our good friend Mr. W. Miller, whose very instructive discourse on "Social Evolution" was greatly enjoyed.

We wish we had room for a fuller account of the evening, but there is space for us to say that what we sorely remember the Commissioner's words on Ex-Bandsmen, and our duty towards such. "Stand closer together," he said, "shoulder to shoulder, so that there may be fewer of these comrades around us." It was a fitting address for a comradeship occasion.

—B.B.

Looking Ahead

Some very interesting events are being arranged for not distant dates, and just so that our Winnipeg readers might have them in mind. We mention them in this fashion.

Our advertisement on page 6 is a rich program in itself, and one in which young and old can find equal enjoyment. The fact that Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp are to be with us for part of that time is an added delight.

April 21 and 22 are set apart for another of our hardy annuals—the Bandsmen's Councils. Saturday evening is to be spent at the Arena in another Musical Niagara and then all day Sunday at the F.C. Auditorium.

An international visitor of special note in Army musical circles, will be present—Brigadier (and Mrs.) Pennick, of North China. We hope he will have some new songs for us.

We hear that there is a good position open for a Bandsman, married or single, who is a handy man and able to do minor property repairs, calculating, etc. Applicants should communicate with Captain King, The Salvation Army, Fort William, or to the Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

Victoria Veteran Answers the Roll Call

Envoy Proby who had an Interesting Career as Naval Officer and Supt. of Police, Fought a Splendid Fight for God and Souls

AFTER a long and useful life, many years of which were spent in consecrated service, Envoy Proby went Home on February 27th to receive his reward. Our comrade was in the British navy



tendent of Police for a long time previous to his retirement.

While on sick leave in England in 1881 the Envoy met The Salvation Army in Weston-Super-Mare, Somersetshire, and in one of the Meetings claimed the blessing of sanctification. So thorough was his consecration that he returned to India ready, if necessary, to give up his official position for soul-saving work. Mrs. Proby had not then seen The Army, but later on when circumstances permitted, she went to Bombay for a few months to study thoroughly its methods, and returning like her husband, she was so taken with the spirit of devotion shown by the Salvationists that she signed the Articles of War, became a Soldier and wore native uniform as none other was available, and took part in Open-Air Meetings until her return to their station. Her husband was not allowed the same privileges because of his official position, but they held Salvation and Holiness Meetings in their own bungalow, and in every possible way preached the Gospel and kept up the standard of The Army.

When their time was up they settled in beautiful Victoria, where many have been expected that like many others they would spend their declining years in restful retirement, but to them leisure meant more time to work for Jesus. Noticing the number of Hindoos in the city, our comrade's first effort was to open a night school, free of charge, where they would be taught to read and write English.

A branch of work that the League of Mercy had not been able to attend to next claimed attention. The Envoy, because of his service in the British navy, was the first Salvationist to be given special privileges, permitting him to visit and talk "War Cry" to the enemy yard, and he spent many hours there with the sick. He was permitted to hold Meetings there on Sunday afternoons and one evening a week; Mrs. Proby also held a weekly drawing-room Meeting and visited the houses in the District with "War Cry." No one will ever know the amount of good done in those days in and around the navy yard.

Until his last illness the Envoy never missed a march or Open-Air Meeting, always in uniform, and ready for any duty. He was never without a Bible in his pocket and he would often be seen patiently explaining its promises to some doubter in the Prayer-Meeting. On July 25th, 1920 our comrade and his wife received their commissions as Envoys, shortly after which they commenced their weekly beach Meetings at Foul Bay, and for three summers carried on until the schools opened in the fall.

The funeral services were conducted by Commandant Jones, assisted by Commandant Fulkerton and other Officers and comrades. Salvationists in uniform carried the body to its last resting place on a grassy slope at the Royal Oak Burial Park, where are buried other comrades whom he loved and worked with in life.

A Memorial Service was held on the following Sunday night in the Citadel, led by Commandant Jones, and the Prayer Meeting a backslider came to the Penitent Form for forgiveness.

Envoy Mrs. Proby desires to thank, gratefully through the "War Cry" all the Officers, comrades and friends throughout the Territory who have sent kind enquiries and comforting messages of sympathy, which have meant much to her during her lonely hours.—A.E.T.



Let Us Sing Together!



Songs---Old and New

(There are still some people in the world who think that The Army has no right to capture any tunes from the Devil; only recently we received a letter to that effect. Such friends know little about the wonderful "musical conversions" which God has allowed us to bring about: how one-time song-tunes are now known only as hymn-tunes. Our Founder used to say, "The Devil has no right to all the good tunes in the world." Here are a few songs and choruses, new and old, which we venture to put forward for the help and blessing of our readers and comrades. The first two songs are a striking illustration of "musical conversions".—Ed.)

Tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave"
COME in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone!
Thyself to me be given,
In fulness of Thy love;
Thyself alone will make my heaven,
Though all Thy gifts remove.

Chorus:
Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
Show forth Thy saving power;
Restore, renew, release from sin—
Oh, save this very hour!
Thy promise now I claim,
By faith put in my plea,
And trust in that almighty Name
Immanuel, and Thee.

My Lord, Thou dost come in—
I feel it in my soul;
I hear Thy words, my Saviour-King,
"Be every what made whole!"
Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth agree
My risen Christ, to magnify—
For lo! He lives with me!

—General Bramwell Booth.

Tune: "I Traced her Little Footsteps in the Snow"
A little talk with Jesus,
How it smooths that rugged road;
It seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load;
When, worn by care and sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can give me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

Chorus:
Oh, a little talk with Jesus
Puts it right—all right (repeat).
In trouble of every kind,
Praise God I always find,
A little talk with Jesus puts it right.

A little talk with Jesus,
All alone in secret prayer;
It gives me strength and courage
Life's many trials to bear,
And tho' I sometimes falter
Because the way is dim,
There's naught can cheer me onward
Like a little talk with Him.

I'll trust and wait with patience
Until my appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a trust is mine;
Then, where no hearts are weary,
And no eyes with tears are dim,
He will talk with me for ever,
And I will talk with Him.

THE SOLO OF THE WEEK

Tune: "Till we meet again"
There's a song in my heart now
a-ringing;
I'm singing it day after day.
For the praises I sing
Of Jesus, my King,
Who my burden has taken away.

Chorus:
There's a song I'm singing every day;
Tis a song of burdens rolled away.
Christ has come, has come to stay—
Now He is my loving Saviour.
Joyful songs I'm singing merrily,
Days of gloom are but a memory;
He walks and talks each day with me
Ne'er to part again.

Tune: "I Passed by Your Window"
The Spirit is coming—the Spirit of Power;
I hear His approaching this glorious hour;
Oh, wonder of wonders, that e're it should be,
The Spirit of God is descending on me.

Tune: "Pal of My Cradle Days"
I am redeemed from sin,
Glory abides within;
'Tis there at the Cross where my Saviour
died.
There where for cleansing from sin I cried,
Burdens are rolled away,
Darkness is turned into day;
Say, will you not go
To the sin-cleansing flow,
Where burdens are rolled away.

(Other Papers Please Acknowledge—"J")

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
AND MRS. COLONEL MILLER
Winnipeg Y.P. Councils, Sunday, Apr.
1st.

LT.-COLONEL SIMS: Winnipeg Y.P. Councils, Sunday, April 1st.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. TAYLOR: Brandon, Easter Sunday and Monday, April 7 and 8.

HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS
MRS. COLONEL MILLER: Winnipeg Social Corps, Tuesday, April 2.

Mrs. LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON: Weston, Tuesday, April 3.

MRS. LT.-COLONEL SIMS: North Winnipeg, Wednesday, April 4.

MRS. BRIGADIER TAYLOR: Winnipeg Citadel, Monday, April 2.

MRS. BRIGADIER CARTER: Elmwood, Wednesday, April 4.

MRS. BRIGADIER SMITH: Sherbrooke St., Tuesday, April 4.

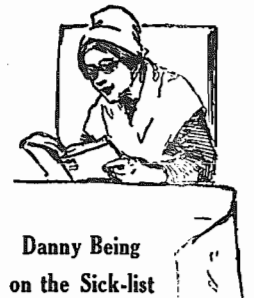
MRS. BRIGADIER CUMMINS: Home St., Wednesday, April 4.

MRS. MAJOR TYNDALL: Scandinavian Corps, Wednesday, April 4, 8 p.m.

MRS. MAJOR HADBRINK: Norwood, April 4.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN CLARKE: St. James, Wednesday, April 4.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



Danny Being on the Sick-list

St. Al Styrenny; Mansions, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Many thanks for your kind enquiries, but I am sorry to say that there is very little improvement in my dear husband's condition. I did think that he would have improved when he was able to sit up for a few minutes on Friday evening and look through the "Cry," but something upset him, and all day Saturday he was like a bear with a sore head. Men are so trying when they're sick.

I do not think there is anything really seriously wrong, for as I am writing these notes, he is sitting up in bed, shouting out his instructions as to what I am to put thereon, but, if I can manage it, I shall slip out and mail the letter when he dozes off for a few minutes. (All right, all right, I'll tell him that.)

He wants me to say, Mr. Editor, that he really does hope that nobody will take offence at what he says in these notes: or what I say—I suppose. Of course nobody would. They all understand that we are actuated by the kindest of motives, and that, all we are after is to boost "The Cry," and make the people of The Army do as the dear General tells them. "Read 'The War Cry'." Surprising, isn't it, dear friend, how many people miss that weekly intellectual treat. But, as Danny says, "Brains is brains, and those that have brains will read brains"; I'm afraid that is rather mixed, but you'll understand if nobody else does.

I am to be sure and mention—although Danny is replying to the letter himself—that Yorkton has gone up fifteen copies, as we said before, and Weston—good old Captain Nyrerud, he's my lad—has ordered ten "Young Soldiers," but, alas and alack, Winnipeg IV has gone twenty "Crys" on the down side. That's how we make progress these days. (Don't worry so, try to keep quiet!)

Yorkton, Sask.

Dear Mr. Domore:
If you don't soon start out "domore" and send along my new order of "Crys" and my Y.S. I will soon change my mind and cancel my order. I have waited patiently, thinking that as you were away specialising you hadn't time to attend to business; but you've been home long enough now to put things right. Come on now, styrenny and let me have my papers.

Yours in anticipation,
Allan McInnes, Captain.

I shall be glad if you will publish Captain McInnes' letter in "The Cry." I don't think he ought to write me like that when my poor dear husband is on a sick bed. However, I feel sure that some mistake has been made when Brigadier Smith will rectify now he is in charge of the Publishing—bless him.

Believe me,
Yours striving to be perfect,
Dorcas Domore, Envy

P.S.—Danny is sending down to the office two books which you put the boy when he was on furlough, and will send back those two which you put to my Dinah when she was in Training.
P.P.S.—Just as I am sealing this letter for the mail I am told that the men of the office of the Publishing have jumped up 45 copies. Isn't he a darling?



An Adventure and a Trust

By an Old Bandsman

I AM putting this article on this page, first—because it is primarily addressed to those who, I flatter myself, most do read herein; and—secondly—because if I put it elsewhere those self-same friends of mine may not read it at all. I am not greatly concerned that others may overlook it, but I certainly do wish you to read it.

I have been searching around for a Scripture quotation upon which to base my sermon, and am not quite sure that I have found it, but I could just as easily find one in Shakespeare, or even in Dickens or John Bunyan. Shakespeare would say:

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."*

The Scripture says: "While I was busy here and there, he was gone." Do you remember that old tale? It is told in First Kings, Chapter 20. It is a prophet who relates it, it is a parable he is telling, the context of which need not trouble us now.

"Thy Life for his Life"

"The prophet waited for the king by the way, and disguised himself with ashes upon his face. And as the King passed by, he cried unto the king; and he said, 'Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle; and, behold, a man turned aside, and brought a man unto me, and said, 'Keep this man: and if by any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay him.' And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

It is my fancy that Shakespeare had in mind a mariner of his day; everything all ready for the voyage; the cargo securely holded; all ship-shape for the journey—just waiting for the tide.

And the tide comes in. The harbour is full, and the vessel swinging at her anchor—eager to be off on the adventurous journey. But the crew is engaged elsewhere, the Captain is away on his affairs; maybe in a tavern close by the waterside, carousing as the tide flows and ebbs, and then, as the old Bard says:

*"All the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries."
I am old enough now to see some of the once youthful voyagers coming home. I sit on the quayside and I see them coming in, with the westerling sun lighting up the sails of their tempest-marked vessels; I see the glow on the faces of the ship's-men as they*

come around into the harbour—all the glory of a successful journey is on their countenances.

And I sit and wait for others who will never return. They put off their sailing until "the time of the flood was over," and they discovered no new land, found no treasures—they lie out in the wild, weary waste of waters, and we just hope that, unknown to us, they really did accomplish something.

Then the other picture — "I was busy here and there, and he was gone." Shakespeare speaks of an opportunity missed; the old Prophet

again—it is gone. Sad the day!

Say, young fellow! Do you see the point of my moralising? Do you see the things that I see? No. It is scarcely to be expected that you would, for I have been by the wayside and on the quayside of life for many a year, whereas you are but young, and life is just a gay adventure; just a dream; just a sketch.

Cannot you realise that God calls you? God really, actually calls you. He says, and the word is as truly His as any Scripture word that was ever written, "Let us then be up and doing."

Adventure in your Blood

Have you ever felt the tingle of adventure in your blood? Youth calling out to eternal youth. Fields of honour and renown to be possessed. Heights of glory to be taken. Have you not?

I call you to an adventure glorious beyond them all. Achievements to be made; treasures priceless to be possessed. I call you to the service of One Who stepped out on the greatest adventure that ever man or angel undertook. An adventure of storm and tempest, of arduous days and dark nights, of billows and buffets right on to the end—right on, maybe, until you come to anchor in the harbour again. But an adventure of things possessed for the King.

I call you to a trust more honourable than any that was ever created. To the guardianship of the "dedicated things" of our most holy faith. I call you, did I say? No, no, a hundred times no—it is the King Himself who calls.

And this adventure; this trust—what is it? It is the adventure of Calvary; the trust of God—the trust of souls immortal. His treasures in the uttermost lands of the earth, as well as His precious possessions near us—by the wayside. Those "for whom Christ died."

You Young Fellows!

You young fellows! You young women! With youth and vigour and trillity and intelligence and a Salvation which has been given to you by Jesus Christ. Will you not leave your safe moorings, lay aside your pleasures, your triflings—leave them all, and come out — out where the full tides flow. Out where you can let down your net, and where the "take" shall be such as will give you an eternal weight of glory. Oh, come out where the winds of the opportunities of God are blowing. Will you not?

Or—will you let the Lord Jesus go on a lonely way? Will you see Him setting out to do His Father's will, and catch His last backward beseeching glance, and hear Him say, as He goes away—"And ye would not." Will you? What do you say, what will you do?

*"In the glad morning of my days,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come."* "J."

praise to Him who had thus turned their sighing into singing, and their night into day.

There's your lesson for you, my countrymen. There are treasures for us, far beyond all telling, in the sweetly familiar ways of religion and spiritual experience, if we will but—keep on.

THE DANGER OF FAMILIARITY

WILL it be perfectly understood when I say that while familiarity with sacred things has, of course, untold advantages, it also has its risks? As somebody has said, the peril is lest it should obscure the vision by dulling expectancy. Here is an illustration which, I think, will help to make clear my point; it is a story which the late Commissioner Howard never tired of telling.

A now wealthy citizen of the Australian Commonwealth loved to say that, when a working miner, with a wife and young family dependent upon him, he was faced with hard times. He worked his own claim, but weeks went by without finding the welcome gold. Their little stock of savings vanished, till finally they were reduced to bread and water.

God Had Never Allowed Them to Want. One memorable Saturday, before leaving for his work, he remarked to his wife that unless the washing of the week's dirt resulted favorably, there would not be even bread for the children's dinner on the following day. But the brave-hearted woman cheered him with the reminder that God had never yet allowed them to want, and that they had His promise that He never would.

Thus comforted, he started for the claim, only to discover on the cleaning up that there was not even the color of the precious metal to be seen for all the dirt. The homecoming was a heavy-hearted business, and to his wife's eager inquiry his only answer was a look of dumb despair. Still her woman's faith rose in the scale of disappointment. "Let us tell God all about it," she said, and roused the empty table-knelt father and mother and children and poured out their trouble in prayer.

With a somewhat lighter heart the miner rose to his feet. Observing that the sky meanwhile had darkened with a coming storm, he remarked that, if they could not procure food for Sunday they could at least have warmth, and proceeded, axe in hand, to chop some wood.

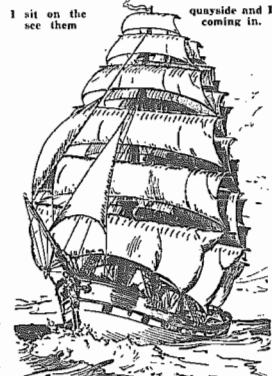
The Light in the Track

Before he had time, however, to leave the door, the storm burst with a wild fury and the rain swept down in torrents. Then the sky suddenly cleared, and he started for the wood pile, in such a home, the track to the woodpile is usually a well-worn path to the man of the house. But he been asked that day whether he expected to find anything extraordinary in that well-beaten track, he would have judged it an idle question, for his expectation could be have: Did he know every inch of it by heart?

But,—"enough as he strode down the familiar way that Saturday afternoon, there gleamed from the midst of the path at his very feet, a glittering point of light. It was but the work of the moment for him to drop his axe, bring out his knife and go around that shining spot, which grew larger as he worked, till he presently unearthed a nugget as big as his fist.

In a tumult of thankful joy he bore it to the house, laid it reverently on the table—and then and there father, mother, and children knelt again in thankful

(Continued foot of column 4)



tells of a trust misplaced. In each case the effect was the same.

In one, the loss was occasioned by a want of readiness, by pleasure-seeking; in the other it was carelessness—a fussiness, maybe, over matters that really did not count, here and there—and gone.

And now I am by the wayside of life, and I see those to whom a solemn charge was given — some precious treasure committed — something that the King valued greatly, for it had cost Him: fighting and blood. Then those to whom this trust has been given turn to their own paltry affairs, their own busy-ness—and I see that when the King calls for His own

HE NEVER MADE A PROMISE

THAT HE DID NOT KEEP.





The Fight at Fernie

Captain and Mrs. Morrison. We are still in the fight for God and souls at Fernie, and our least to roll the old chair along.

At the conclusion of a recent Thursday night Meeting we were glad to see a sister who had been under conviction come to the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. On this occasion we had with us a visitor, Envoys Johnstone from Vancouver, and our comrade's testimony was most helpful.

We were pleased also to have Adjutant Jackson with us for the weekend, when he had the pleasure of a blessed time. — C.C. J. Doe.

SASKATOON CITADEL

Ensign and Mrs. Capon. Spiritual life continues to be manifest among us, the Meetings of the last few days being well attended and encouraging. Particularly beneficial was the Sunday Holiness Meeting, when everything met with the Envoys' response. The undivided attention of money to the power of God in their lives. So ready were these testimonies that not much time was left for the delivery of the address on the outside matter.

The Salvation Meeting, which was broadcasted, was a call to the defeated in the battle to take fresh courage. One young man volunteered to the Christ of the Cross.

Monday night, the Meeting conducted by the Y.P. Workers was delightful in spirit. Bone's talk on sowing and growing blessed all.

Sergeant-Major Dinsdale pays a Weekend Visit to us. Sergeant-Major Dinsdale has just concluded a weekend with us, and we have had an uplifting and cheering time. Most of his messages were delivered in song, and old love sang, and the old favorites too! The introductory Meeting on the Saturday night, in spite of the fact that many were new to the Envoys, and to us, was a cheery gathering, and before the Meeting closed we realized that the Envoys and the truth of those words, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Ensign and Mrs. Capon. A good Kne-drill, in which the presence of God was deeply felt, as it was in the Holiness Meeting. In the afternoon the Envoys' Lecture secured the undivided attention of a large audience, and as we write we feel that the presence could be written across the story of his life, so wonderful the address on the outside matter. The Salvation Meeting was well attended, and a fine spirit was manifested throughout, the music and singing creating a mellowing influence. The Envoys' message was a loving and comforting one, and we know not God. The Meeting concluded with a march around the Hall and the coming to the platform of nine of our recent converts, where each one gave a good testimony. We received hearty greetings from the Envoys Corps and Band, and gladly reciprocate.

REGINA NORTHSIDE

Ensign and Mrs. Hammond. The fire is burning brightly here. Last Sunday the Meetings resulted in three seekers for Salvation. Monday evening our Y.P. Annual and Prize-giving was well attended, and a varied program of songs and songs was rendered by the Young People and their Workers, the Songsters and the String Band. We were glad to have Adjutant Jackson visit our Women's Home, as chairman on this occasion. — B. B. Varty.

FORT WILLIAM AND PORT ARTHUR UNITE

On a recent Friday, the Fort William comrades united with those of Port Arthur for a special Holiness Meeting, this occasion being well attended, and a wonderful spirit prevailed. Captain Dinsdale presided, and the Envoys' message was a powerful one. The Envoys' Prayer-Meeting, led by Fld-Major Weir, four souls claimed the Blessing of a Clean Heart. The Fort William comrades were the mainstay for the occasion. We are looking forward to more such gatherings in the future. — Monitor.

WATROUS

Brigadier and Mrs. Gooling Visit Watrous. Captain Johnson and Lieut. Bell. Brigadier and Mrs. Gooling were here for a recent weekend, and we much enjoyed their helpful addresses. The Envoys' message was a powerful one. The Envoys' and his music and singing was a real treat. An enrollment of Soldiers has recently taken place, and the Envoys' message was a powerful one. We are looking forward to more such gatherings in the future. — Monitor.

HOME STREET

Captain and Mrs. A. Smith. The Home Street comrades are preparing for a special Holiness Meeting. There is joy everlasting, in the service of the King. Sunday afternoon Open-Airs have been arranged, and a varied program of songs and songs was rendered by the Young People and their Workers, the Songsters and the String Band. We were glad to have Adjutant Jackson visit our Women's Home, as chairman on this occasion. — B. B. Varty.

Lt.-Colonel McLean at Winnipeg Citadel

Stirring Series of Meetings Result in Many Captures

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. With the knowledge that for forty years Lieut.-Colonel McLean, a noble, loyal-hearted Salvationist, has stood in some of the most exposed and advanced points of our battle line, we were filled with high expectations for his Campaign at this Corps. Happy recollections of mighty and wonderfully blessed seasons at Winnipeg are linked with his name, and Salvationists of all ranks were delighted to see his genial, smiling face again.

Meetings which were rare, joyous, spiritual feasts, and which were characteristic Crusade gatherings, full of vitalising power, featured the week-end Sunday and Monday, March 18-19. "The great need of the hour," the Colonel said, in the first Meeting on Sunday, "is an outpouring of the Holy Ghost."

In the relating of three incidents, the raising of the widow's son, the woman with the issue, and the thirteenth possession of devils, the Colonel said it was a denunciation of the P.S.A. power over:

DEATH EVILS

Thirteen seekers for the blessing of Holiness, and it was good to see a boy of ten years claiming the Lord by his side, a man of fifty, the wearer of a coveted decoration for bravery in the war, and a woman, praying the same prayer, "Give me a heart that is whiter than snow."

While the Colonel was visiting the Company Meeting where (twelve young ladies sought the Lord, Staff-Captain Steele was also visiting the P.S.A. programme, an Irish one this time.

At night the Citadel was filled. "Recent captures" were the theme of the evening, and his always apt illustrations and weighty words, provided food for hard thinking.

A young wife came to the Mercy-Seat and her husband left the Hall, a little wiser at the step she had taken, but a Handsman hunched him before he reached the street, and the result was he came upstairs again where he knelt and found forgiveness alongside his young wife. How many times have we rejoiced when we have seen the Pentent-Forn transformed into a "Reconciliation Bureau."

A brother then made his way to the Mercy-Seat, and as he came we saw him breaking the stem of his pipe and handing over about a pound of tobacco. Another brother followed, and he also emptied his pocket of cigarettes and matches. Oh, it is good. "My idols I cast at Thy feet."

A sister led one of our small Juniors who cried as if her heart would break and was closely followed by an old, hearted brother who has long passed the allotted three score and ten. "This prosecution kept up until eighteen seekers were desperately wrestling against sin and doubt at the Pentent-Forn. We rose from our knees and witnessed young and old giving vent to their pent-up feelings of joy in a red, old-time "wind-up" which included a "Hallelujah" in which Brigadier Allen, Envoys Dinsdale, Fld-Major Hoddinott and Lt.-Colonel McLean participated.

Monday night Meeting, Y.P. Band-Leader Will Habick, with his collaboration, the Y.P. Singing Company, Lieut. Grant, and Staff-Captain Clarke) and the "Social Trio" from Logan Ave., assisted the Colonel and again we rejoiced over good music and words. We saw a young woman, a convert of recent weeks, exultantly leading her mother and brother to the Mercy-Seat. It was not natural that we should keep and joy alike over the conversion of the mother and the child. The secret of a happy life at Jesus' feet. — J.R.W.

Juniors and Veterans at Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt.—Since I last reported to "The War Cry," several events of note have taken place. The Y.P. Annual, including the Divisional prize-giving, and a good conduct at the Company Meetings during 1927 was in itself an event of considerable importance. On the Sunday afternoon the Young People and their workers occupied the platform, and there was an imposing crowd. Sergeant-Major Flack was good reason to be proud of his workers, as well as the record of attendance. His chief trouble is lack of room for expansion, but acting on the principle that "there's always room for one more" no opportunity is missed in trying to get more children and by of capable and careful management it is almost incredible that he should manage to have so many in such a small space.

On the Sunday afternoon there was also a large number of appreciative spectators. The work done by giving a bumper collection. In the Salvation Meeting, with Adjutant Cubitt in charge, several of the Y.P. Workers took part, after which Mrs. Cubitt gave a stirring address.

The Monday night was Prize-night, and Adjutant Cubitt was very happy in the role of prize-giver, which was no easy task, there being a very large number of books to hand out. One very noticeable feature was the large percentage of Juniors who had put in 100 or more attendances during the year. The Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and

parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

Another important happening of recent date was the commissioning for the current year, this taking place on Thursday last. Altogether there were about 170 Communion hands out. For this Meeting there was quite a large turn-out, in spite of rather unfavorable weather. A very noticeable feature was the number of children who stick to their duties, and also the number of Young People who are assuming positions of considerable importance, and when Mrs. Cubitt assembled them all on the platform, and had them sing, "If we all work together," there was no reason to be afraid of the future.

On the day after the prize-giving, the Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

NORTH BATTLEFORD

Six of our First Aid Patrols, God bless them, were present for a number of weeks we have wrestled and prayed that souls might be saved from the grasp of Satan. The Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

FORT FRANCES

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. For four weeks we have wrestled and prayed that souls might be saved from the grasp of Satan. The Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

K.C. Occupies Chair at Lacombe

Eight Converts Enrolled as Recruits

Captain Belkovich and Lieut. Anderson. A recent visitor to our Corps—Mr. Dinsdale from Brandon—brought us much cheering and inspiration. Mr. Edwin K. Jones, who was chairman for the occasion of his thrilling lecture, this was heard with much pleasure by an interested audience, his interesting and humorous stories holding the congregation spellbound. The chairman spoke gladly of the work of The Army, both in the district and in other parts of the world. Recently amid great rejoicing and beautiful praises, the Captain enrolled eight converts as Recruits. This was a fitting conclusion to the Anderson Crusade meeting. And yet, not a conclusion, for the Crusade spirit still abides, and we are believing for greater victories.

Eleven Young People and Workers attended the Councils at Edmonton and four of these comrades spoke in the Salvation Meeting last Sunday night, giving us a glimpse of what transpired, and passing on some of the blessing received.

A few days ago, the gathering at the home of Sergeant-Major Flack, to bid adieu to Envoys and Mrs. Crego and family. These comrades are Salvationists of much experience, and we are all sorry to lose them from the Corps. A number of Soldiers spoke words of appreciation, to which the Envoys gave a fitting response. We pray that God will use them during their residence at the coast, even as He has done during their stay in Lacombe.

VEGREGVILLE VICTORIES

Ensign and Mrs. Moll. We had a good time here in connection with the Y.P. Annual, the Young People being splendid. We are glad to report increases on every hand, and feel encouraged by the success of the work. The prize-giving was a great event, much enjoyed by the Young People. We are not only glad to see the success of the work, but so. Three persons have been converted, and, hallelujah, they are all doing well. — Scribbler.

DOG DERBY WEEK AT THE PAS

Captain Tucker and Lieut. Mills. We had some special Meetings on the occasion of the visit of Envoys Mrs. Pearson and Lieutenant Dinsdale. Our visitors for Dog Derby Week. Sunday afternoon the Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

The Envoys visited the Home League during the week, and a short spiritual message was given. Thursday night we had a "Pen-Save" Meeting, and the Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

WINNIPEG SOCIAL

Last Thursday night we had a large attendance at the Social. The Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.

Captain Corbett

Sunday night we had a real good one. Brigadier Cummins spoke of great men of the past, and of the future. The Envoys' message was a powerful one, and the spirit of co-operation of the part of Workers and parents. During the evening quite a programme of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were interspersed with the prize-giving. The Y.P. Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Grant, creditably performed several items.



START THE STORY HERE

Susan Nichols was the eldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England. The father was a hard, cruel man, who treated his family with the utmost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist, and in spite of her husband's cruel treatment strove to live up to the religious life which she had received, and to train her family accordingly. Susan goes into service at the age of nine and endures much hardship. Eventually at the age of eighteen she marries Robert Florence, a young man of the village.

Following many vicissitudes of a religious and commercial nature in their married life, they decide to try their fortunes in a new land, and come to Canada. For a time all goes moderately well, and then it is announced that The Army is "opening fire" in their district of Toronto-Parkdale. Mrs. Florence and her husband ultimately get re-convinced, and join up.

But our readers are invited to purchase these numbers of the "War Cry" in order to become thoroughly acquainted with this fascinating story of the early days of The Army in Canada. It began in our issue of February 25th.

CHAPTER VI

A Desertion and a Call

As we said in concluding our last chapter, Susan was to come by a devious path before she finally accomplished all her Lord's purposes for her, or before she could attain that spiritual rest for which she seemed to have sought all along her earthly pilgrimage.

Just after the experiences last related, a terrible burn from an upset tea-kettle laid her on the bed again for a long six weeks, and at the end of that time mortification set in, and the doctor warned her that it was spreading so fast that she had probably only twenty-four hours to live.

That night looking into the grave which yawned for her, and in which all her usefulness to her kind must be forever ended, she saw that her life was not what God meant it to be. There was something more to be attempted, something more to be accomplished, and she writhed in the agony of those weeks—in the enforced idleness which was now so tiresome to her.

Out on this little country farm, going to occasional Meetings, making and mending for the son who was now an Officer, and laying up money for their own and The Army's future needs—this, however hard she might be working with hands and head, was the life of a woman at "ease in Zion" and God wanted of her, as Paul of the Corinthians, "not yours, but his."

"Lord, Raise Me Up."

Susan believed that she should go to heaven if she died, but she felt that she had not yet earned any spiritual rest there, and she prayed, "Oh, Lord, I don't want to go yet. If you have any work I can do, I'd rather stop and serve You awhile yet. Heaven would be very beautiful, but I want to work for You! Raise me up!"

Robert came to her, and she said, "Dad, I believe the Lord is going to heal me. I'll hold Him with me."

They both prayed, and after she had trusted God for healing, the thought came to her, "You mustn't think the Lord will cure you of this right away. A burn must heal itself, gradually."

"But right away I saw that wasn't faith," said Susan. "So I told Dad I should get up, and I did. And the next day I walked two miles and more to the Hall, and it was in a Canadian winter too!"

Susan was done with the quiet days in the country; she must get right in with The Army. She saw how Dad thirsted for full opportunities of soldiery. She had only to see the gleefulness with which he threw himself into the Open-Air fight-

ing, to know this. Never more would she stand in his way. The old days in Leeds had taught her their lesson.

There are some amongst us to-day who remember Dad Florence's vivid Open-air Phrases. How he would "smell out the devil" as he would say, and how he would excite the street crowds almost to frenzy point. Susan saw all this, and so the farm was given up.

They moved into Toronto at once, and Susan got a situation in a corset factory, where there were three hundred women



to work among, between meetings, and when she could lend a hand at many things, from doing the washing of Headquarters, down to doing odd jobs at the Kereue Home, and the like.

When she applied for the place at the factory she was asked by the foreman, "Do you know what made me hire you? It was the red hand on your bonnet." And by this Susan knew that her service for her Master, which she had already planned, would not be hindered.

Not a Missionary yet, Susan

She won many souls for God amongst the women of the factory, but although her spare time and strength were devoted to earnest work for Him, she was not yet a missionary to Canada—as she now confessed she had thought herself to be when she took the mighty adventure from Yorkshire to the shores of the Western world. Not a missionary, yet, Susan.

It was a curious thing which brought Mother Florence out of the ranks into Officership—nothing less than the defection of her son, who had for some time held his commission in The Army. Words had been impossible to describe the holy joy which his officership had been to his mother and father; their own full usefulness seemed to be a thing of the past, and they lived their dreams over in this boy.

But some lady had told him that he was too free a fellow for The Salvation Army; he was meant to shine in the world, and if he would leave, she would educate him, and fit him for a position of honour among men. Which only goes to prove that forty years ago men and

women were listening to the same temptations which are held out to them to-day.

He had resisted this temptation, firm in the belief that God had called him into The Army, and not seeking honour from men, or any loftier work than getting converted "those common people" who always heard of Jesus gladly.

Glad he was to be with those people who were his mother's constant joy, and amongst whom she radiated such happiness, and of whom she had said when first she saw them, "These people don't have long faces."

The Same Delusive Story

But the temptation came again, another chance came, somebody else told him the same delusive story, and he went. It was the one sorrow of his dear old mother's life that he missed something from God which could only be given or received in His Own appointed way. She tried her best to show him this.

"My boy," she said, "the devil has set you on a high mountain, and is showing you the kingdoms of earth, and promising them to you. But, my son, we are poor people. All our good and all our goods, come from God. He has prospered you in The Army, and it is



there He has called you to serve Him."

"All right, mother," he answered, "but I shall go."

Mother Florence prayed over it alone, and with his leaders, and when it seemed no longer of any use, she said to him, "Well, my son, so sure as you leave the Field, I shall go into it."

"Never, mother!" was the startled answer.

You're too Old, You'll Die

"Yes, my son!" went on she. "If you make a gap in our blessed Army, your mother fills that gap!"

"You're too old; you'll die," said the intending deserter.

"Then I'll die in harness," was the stout reply from the old warrior's lips, as it would be from some old hearts to-day if the chances came to them.

Talking about this episode she said in after days, "He is a good lad, but, oh, the

barrier there is between us. I tell him his works may stand, and he may even win souls, but they will go into the Kingdom of Heaven before him." We have been half tempted to pursue this part of our story, but have refrained. We wonder where young Florence may now be found.

After this it seemed to Mother Florence that as if she must do double duty—must work for her own share, and her lad's too. And so, when The Army was being terribly persecuted in Montreal, and even unfriendly secular papers were flaming out against the outrages committed upon our soldiers and officers in that city, she volunteered to go and help.

"You'll be killed," returned the Commissioner. "Then I should lay down my old life in the streets, and spare a younger one," said the undaunted Mother Florence. But he would not send her.

Presently there was a call for volunteers for work in the Rocky Mountains, for the fighting out in the West—the land of adventure of those days. Home came Mother Florence with the news, and said to her husband, "Dad, I'm ready to go. Are you?"

The Commissioner Wants Men

"Quite," said he, "but I don't know about you. I think the Commissioner only wants men."

"Where the Lord wants men. He can send women, too," was the answer of the Salvation Amazon. But the Commissioner, wise man, declined to let her go on this hard raid alone.

Then in the autumn of 1888—forty years ago, my friends, or nearly so—there went a cry throughout Canada, "Twenty volunteers wanted for India." And that was a cry that stirred more than one heart, even in those days when The Army was a thing to be taken more on trust than it is to-day.

Only one of her children was now really dependent on her, and, since he was old enough to travel, and her husband



as ready as herself for service anywhere, why should they not go?

No reason at all; and so, when the "Twenty" put off their Western garb and wigs, and sailed away to become Indians for Jesus' sake, Dad and Mother Florence were among them. The folds of the yellow chuddah hung about no face or form which showed such signs of age as hers, but they covered no heart beating higher with the eternal youth and life which are ours in God.

And what was to be the outcome of this adventure? I wonder what did the ex-officer son think when he saw his mother and father thus on the Altar for service. I wonder what thoughts came to the old couple as they once more gazed on the land of their birth? I wonder, too, what was in their minds—day by day—as they waited for the next step?

(To be Continued)

NEXT WEEK

The Easter "War Cry"-10c

Twenty-four Pages—six in color

A two-page spread in colors depicting "The Meeting by the Lake"—a wonderful reproduction of a famous painting.

Among the articles and stories are:

- "The Power of His Resurrection" by the General.
 - "The Question of the Ages" by the Commissioner.
 - "The Three Crosses—Which" by Commissioner Oliphant.
 - "At the Cross Roads of Fate"—being some striking episodes in the life of Commissioner H. W. Mapp.
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To live for common ends is to be common. The highest faith makes still the highest man; for we grow like the things our souls believe, and rise or sink as we aim, high or low.—

WAR  CRY

No. 15

bring again that which was driven out, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick.



Smile's Making For You

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I will both search him, and he will be as a Shepherd seeketh out his flock that he is among his sheep that is lost. I will seek that which is lost, and I will bring again that which was driven away, and I will bind up that which was broken, and I will strengthen that which was sick.